Weymouth
May 16th 1873.

Dear Mr. Garrison,

You will
have learned of the
severe affliction we
are undergoing in the
loss of our dear brother
Warren. He died in
New York, at his own
home

from Harriet Martineau, Gone always, from affection
Lucy, & of your family /
W.L. Garrison

P.S. Alice sends love to Mr. Thompson's artistic mind. "Beautiful" is her word!

Sloane, surrounded by his family, — like one who sleeps. He had been a little indisposed for a few days, but neither himself nor any one about him had the remotest idea that he was going to be seriously ill. It was a sudden effusion of the lungs, — pneumonia: & the end [illegible] & [illegible] without a struggle.

He was to me — to us all,
as much a Son as a Brother
in all filial offices: and
a Man of such rare good-
ness & high Nobility of Charac-
ter, that every remembrance
of him is full of Consola-
tion.

"We thank God" said
Dr Bellows, in Prayer at
his funeral, "for this Man's
life. That in the Stronghold
of this Great City Corruption,

His

feel stood firm. For his integrity, — his stern unbending Justice, — his ~~his~~ noble Simplicity of life amid the Noise of fashion & Mammon Worship, — for all his Kindness his gentleness — his goodness: for all his constant devotedness to the Suffering, the down-trodden, the poor, the Slave."

I write to you de profundis, — but the waves are not bitter.

Enclosing a note